

# The Tryal of Patience;

Being a Relation of a Widdow in *York-shire*, who having Buried her Husband, and left Seven small Children, was reduc'd to great Poverty, and turn'd out of House and Home; then going to her Husbonds Brother, being a Rich Man, in hopes of finding Relief, but instead thereof, he threatned them with Cruelty. With an Account of a Ladies Love at the greatest time of her Distress.

Tune of, In Summer time.

*This may be Printed, R. P.*



**A** Loving Couple in *York-shire*,  
they having seven Children small,  
When Poverty was so severe,  
they had for them no food at all.

As if the naked truth may speak,  
their Father was in grief and woe,  
Three years he lay both sick and weak,  
this was enough to bring them low.

They sold their Cattel, Corn, and Hay,  
with other Goods they parted free,  
Till all they had was made away,  
in this their sad Ex-ecramity.

After the term of three long years,  
which he thus languishing did see,  
Upon his Bed with blinny Tears,  
he said farewell, here now I dye.

A cruel Landlord the next day,  
turn'd her and Children out of door,  
Where in a field all night they lay,  
th'ir grief'd the Widdows heart full sore.

Poor Soul, she was in sad distress,  
full seven Children at her feet,  
With hunger, cold, and comfortless,  
and not one bit of Food to eat.

# The Tryal of Patience;

Being a Relation of a Widdow in *York-shire*, who having Buried her Husband, and left Seven small Children, was reduc'd to great Poverty, and turn'd out of House and Home; then going to her Husbonds Brother, being a Rich Man, in hopes of finding Relief, but instead thereof, he threatned them with Cruelty. With an Account of a Ladies Love at the greatest time of her Distress.

Tune of, In Summer time.

*This may be Printed, R. P.*



**A** Loving Couple in *York-shire*,  
they having seven Children small,  
When Poverty was so severe,  
they had for them no food at all.

As if the naked truth may speak,  
their Father was in grief and woe,  
Three years he lay both sick and weak,  
this was enough to bring them low.

They sold their Cattel, Corn, and Hay,  
with other Goods they parted free,  
Till all they had was made away,  
in this their sad Extremity.

After the term of three long years,  
which he thus languishing did see,  
Upon his Bed with blinny Tears,  
he said farewell, here now I dye.

A cruel Landlord the next day,  
turn'd her and Children out of door,  
Where in a field all night they lay,  
th'ir grief'd the Widdows heart full sore.

Poor Soul, she was in sad distress,  
full seven Children at her feet,  
With hunger, cold, and comfortless,  
and not one bit of Food to eat.

It would have broke a heart of Stone,  
to hear the piteous moan they made.

With weeping tears she did reply,  
my heart is other-whelm'd with Grief,  
To your Rich Uncle we will hie,  
and see if he will yield Relief.

He told your Father thus in love,  
before this world he did advise,  
That he in tenderness would prove  
a Brother and a Father too.

With cheerfulness they did repair  
unto their Uncles House that night;  
And they no sooner was come there,  
but all their hopes was blasted quite.

As soon as he did them behold,  
he said to her, what make you here,  
Be gone or else the Whipping-post,  
shall surely happen to your share.

He threatned her with this abuse,  
likewise with greater dishonour,  
He took'd his Dog he would let loose,  
if that she did his patience try.

In wrath he spurn'd them from his door,  
saying, they should not there abide,  
Her Children they were frightened sore,  
she likewise wung her hands and cry'd.

O here we will not tarry long,  
although we are in deep distress,  
Dear Brother, pray now do not wung  
the Widows and the Fatherless.

Tears from their eyes in Rivers did flow,  
for there they see they might not stay,  
Their hearts were fill'd with grief and woe,  
as from his House they took their way.

The Mother was with grief oppress'd,  
the Children in a woful plight;  
We have no home nor place of rest,  
where shall we be our Father this night?

Good Lord call me (some Friend) to  
to help us in this time of need.

Her Prayers was heard to Heav'n high,  
for she no sooner this had said,  
But a young Lady riding by,  
did hear the piteous moan she made.

And call'd her to her Coach with speed,  
giving her ten good Guineas there,  
In order for her present need,  
and bid her to her House repair.

A Farm of Twenty pound a year,  
I do declare I have in store;  
And I will give thee Title clear,  
to you and yours for evermore.

The Lady bid her cease to mourn,  
for ever happy may you be,  
Ten thousand thanks she did return,  
for this her Generosity.

So Tongue is able to express  
how joy and comforts did increase,  
for now the Farm they do possess,  
and live in plenty, joy, and peace.

This Brother of malicious spite,  
who would not pity her poor state,  
All that he had was blasted quite,  
within a very little space.

Gods wrath and vengeance here we see,  
was just for his sad cruel Deed;  
He was reduc'd to Poverty,  
likewise upon a Dunghill he'd.

For having then no home nor friend,  
that would this cruel wretch receive,  
He made a miserable end,  
when he alas! this Life did leave.

Rich Men relieve the Poor I pray,  
who bring us joy for evermore;  
Let you be like our Father here,  
by making Good your Father's store.